The Mirror
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XIV.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1823. [Price 2d.

New Monument to Mr. Fox, in Westminster Abbey.

We this week present our readers with an original engraving of the Monument just erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, from a spirited drawing made expressly for The Mirror, by an artist of considerable talents. Indeed, of those talents, as well as of the correctness with which the spirit of the original drawing has been transferred to the block by Mr. Sears, the engraving bears sufficient evidence.

The Monument which has been erected to the memory of this great statesman in Westminster Abbey, is the work of Mr. Westmacott; the station assigned to it is in the North transept of the Abbey, and at a considerable distance from the Monument to Mr. Pitt, which is placed over the great Western door of the Abbey. It was with an impression of disappointment that we saw the Monuments of two men, whose names stand so intimately connected in history, thus widely sepa-

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rated: and we presume that it has been from uncontrolable circumstances alone that they do not harmonize better with the generous sentiments of the great Northern Bard (we quote from memory,) that "the tear which bedews the grave of the one, may trickle to the other's bier."

Mr. Fox is represented in a recumbent posture, falling into the arms of Liberty: at his feet is Peace, with her dove-topped sceptre, lamenting the loss of one whose voice had been so often raised in her behalf: and next Peace, but a little advanced, is an African negro, testifying his gratitude for the great Patriot's efforts to abolish slavery and the slave trade.

The head of Mr. Fox is admirably executed, the likeness good; and those generous and magnanimous feelings which predominated in the expression of his countenance, strongly pourtrayed. Of the other figures we cannot speak so favourably; that of Liberty has nothing about it which can possibly indicate what it is intended to represent; and it is to the person who shows the Abbey, that a visitor must turn for this necessary piece of information. The figure of Peace is chiefly deficient in expression: it should be that of grief entirely; but there is a greater mixture of resignation than seemed to us characteristic. To the African there could be no objection, were it not that the whole Monument is of the purest white marble; and it did strike us as strangely incongruous to see a white negro, with white woolly hair. The ancients who were in the practice of painting their statues would have avoided such an absurdity; and if good taste will not allow us to follow their example in this respect, we should at least take care to avoid any combinations which render our uniformity of colour ridiculous.

Though the name and the personal and political history of Mr. Fox, cannot but be familiar to most of our readers, yet we shall give a brief biographical sketch of the life of this great Statesman and Senator.

Charles James Fox, the third son of Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, by Georgina, eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond, was born on the 13th of January, 1748. Both his father and grandfather had held high offices in the administrations of their time, and young Charles James was, from his infancy, destined for a Statesman. As he was intended for public life, so he received a public education, and was sent to Eton school, where he distinguished himself by his exercises. From Eton, Mr. Fox removed to Hertford College, Oxford, where his riper years did not belie the promise of his youth. After remaining there some time, he was sent on his travels.

In 1768, Mr. Fox, though then not of legal age, was returned to Parliament for the borough of Midhurst, in Sussex. In 1770, he became a member of the Board of Admiralty, that nursery for young statesmen; this situation he resigned in 1772, and in the following year was nominated a Commissioner of the Treasury.

On the death of Lord Holland, in 1774, a new and memorable epoch occurred in the life of his son; he was now freed from those restraints which the political principles of his father had imposed on him; he was in possession of an ample fortune, and had the reversion of a lucrative place—the Clerkship of the Pells in Ireland. Always distinguished for his talents, he now shone forth in that bright galaxy which boasted of a Burke, a Dunning, a Sheridan, and a Saville. In 1782, he obtained the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, while the Marquis of Rockingham was nominated First Lord of the Treasury. On the death of that Nobleman, when Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdown, and the Duke of Portland, struggled to succeed him, Mr. Fox retired in disgust.

On Mr. Pitt attaining the post of Premier, the tide of popularity, which had hitherto gone with Mr. Fox, now set in against him; and at the general election in 1784, many of his friends lost their seats in the House of Commons, and he was himself obliged to enter into a long and expensive contest for the city of Westminster, to the representation of which he had been called by the voice of the inhabitants. In the prosecution of Warren Hastings, Mr. Fox took a prominent part. In 1788, digusted with public business, he repaired to the Continent, whence he was suddenly recalled by the alarming indisposition of the King.

When the French Revolution broke out, Mr. Fox boldly advocated the cause of Liberty; nor did he ever desert it during the remainder of his life, but remained the bold, honest, and inflexible advocate of rational freedom. He defended the peace of Amiens, and was decidedly hostile to the commencement of hostilities when the dire contest was renewed.

On the death of Mr. Pitt, in 1806, Mr. Fox, whom the Grenville party had joined, came with them into power; and he resumed his situation as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which he had resigned in 1784. Though assuming, or rather resuming, the situation in the midst of war, he was ever anxious for peace, and made an effort to obtain it. In this there was little doubt but he would have succeeded, had not death terminated his valuable life at the moment that the principal obstacles to peace had been removed. One blessing to humanity his short-lived administration did, however, achieve—the Abolition of the Slave Trade. This alone should consecrate his memory.

Mr. Fox, who had for some time previous to his death, been afflicted with dropsy, at length fell a victim to the disorder, and died on September the 13th, 1806, without pain, and almost without a struggle, in the 59th year of his age.

THE GLACIERS,

OR, FIELDS OF ICE IN THE ALPS.

No subject in natural history can be more curious than the origin of the Glaciers of the Alps. They extend into fields of corn and pasture, and lie, without being melted, in a situation, where the sun is sufficient to bring the earth to maturity: for it is almost literally true, that with one hand a person may touch ice, and with the other ripe corn. "If any one," says Mr. Coxe, "could be conveyed to such an elevation as to embrace at one view the Alps of Swisserland, Savoy, and Dauphiny, he would behold a vast chain of mountains, intersected by numerous vallies, and composed of many parallel chains, the highest occupying the centre, and the others gradually diminishing in proportion to their distance from that centre.

The most elevated, or central chain, would appear bristled with pointed rocks, and covered, even in summer, with ice and snow, in all parts that are not absolutely perpendicular. On each side of this chain he would discover deep vallies clothed with verdure, peopled with numerous villages, and watered by many rivers. In considering these objects with greater attention, he would remark that the central chain is composed of elevated peaks and diverging ridges, whose summits are overspread with snow; that the declivities of the peaks and ridges, excepting those parts that are extremely steep, are covered with snow and ice; and that the intermediate depths and spaces between them are filled with immense fields of ice, terminating in those cultivated vallies which border the great chain.

The Glaciers may be divided into two sorts; the first occupying the deep vallies situated in the bosom of the Alps, and termed by the natives Valley of Ice, which may be distinguished by the name of Lower Glaciers: the second, which clothe the summits and sides of the mountains, may be called Upper Glaciers.

The Lower Glaciers are by far the most considerable in extent and depth. Some stretch several leagues in breadth; that of Des Bois, in particular, is more than fifteen miles long, and above three in its greatest breadth. The Lower Glaciers do not, as is generally imagined, communicate with each other; and but few of them are parallel to the central chain; they mostly stretch in a transverse direction, are bordered at the higher extremity by inaccessible rocks, and on the other extend into the cultivated vallies. The thickness of the ice varies in different parts. M. de Saussure found its general depth in the Glacier des Bois from eighty to a hundred feet; but questions not the information of those who assert, that in some places its thickness exceeds even six hundred feet.

These immense fields of ice are intersected by large transverse chasms; and present the appearance of walls, pyramids, and other fantastic shapes, observed at all heights and in all situations, wherever the declivity exceeds thirty or forty degrees.

The surface of the ice is not so slippery as that of frozen ponds or rivers: it is rough and granulated, and is only dangerous to the passenger in steep descents. It is not transparent, but is extremely porous and full of small bubbles, which seldom exceed the size of a pea, and consequently is not so compact as common ice.

The Upper Glaciers may be subdivided into those which cover the summits, and those which extend along the sides, of the Alps.

Those which cover the summits of the Alps, owe their origin to the snow that falls at all seasons of the year, and which remains nearly in its original state, being congealed into a hard substance, and not converted into ice. For although, according to the opinion of some philosophers, the summit of Mont Blanc, and of other elevated

mountains, is, from the glistening of the surface, supposed to be covered with pure ice, yet it appears, both from theory and experience, that it is not ice but snow. For, in so elevated and cold a region, there cannot be melted a quantity of snow sufficient to impregnate with water the whole mass, which remains undissolved. Experience also justifies this reasoning. M. de Saussure found the top of Mont Blanc only encrusted with ice, which, though of a firm consistence, was yet penetrable with a stick; and on the declivities of the summit he discovered, beneath the surface, a soft snow without coherence.

The substance which clothes the sides of the Alps is neither pure snow, like that of the summits, nor ice which forms the Lower Glaciers, but is an assemblage of both. It contains less snow than the summits, because the summer heat has more power to dissolve it, and because the liquified snow descending from above, the mass is penetrated with a larger quantity of water. It contains more snow than the Lower Glaciers, because the dissolution of the snow is comparatively less. Hence the ice is even more porous, opaque, and less compact than the ice of the Lower Glaciers; and is of so doubtful a texture as renders it, in many parts, difficult to decide, whether it may be called ice or frozen snow.

Among these curious phenomenæ of nature are many picturesque objects, particularly the dangerous bridge over the river Lutschinen, in the bailliage of Interlacken, and canton of Berne, in Swisserland. This river is formed by the junction of two streams, the Weiss Lutschinen, flowing through the valley of Lauterbrunen; and the Schwartz Lutschinen, which comes from the valley of Grindelwalde. Having left the fertile plains of Gisteig, and passed the village of Wilderswyl, the breadth of the valley lessens, and continues to grow so narrow, that the stream of the Lutschinen can hardly force a passage. In the rainy season, the river forms a torrent, which rushes impetuously through the great masses of rock that obstruct its course, and, with inconceivable violence, forces from their beds the most enormous fragments. The road to Twey-Lutschinen and Lauterbrunnen is over this river, by a kind of bridge, which, to a stranger to the country, exhibits a very terrific appearance; suspended over a roaring torrent, and fixed against the sides of rocks that are almost in a leaning position, it exhibits the idea of a double danger. A huge vertical stone, raised in the middle of the river, supports some thick planks, so badly joined as to be neither steady nor solid; and these form a wretched insecure bridge, over which the country people daily pass, with a firm step and undaunted eye; a passage, which the traveller, unaccustomed to such strange communications, would tremble to attempt. From this place the river flows till it falls into the Lake of Brientz.

ECHO.

Echo in other words her silence breaks,
Speechless herself but when another speaks;
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice and to return the sound.
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds and speeches not her own. ADDISON.

Echo, though called a babbler, never tells a falsehood; and we appeal to the following test, to which she was recently put, to prove the truth of our assertion;

What is the sinking fund? *A sinking fund.*

When will the disputes between the *Holy* Alliance and Spain be at the end? *At the end.*

What will that be, do you know? *Do you know.*

Who can tell us? *Tell us.*

On what do many of our nobility place their paradise? *A pair of dice.*

What now is matrimony? *A matter of money.*

What should the Bishops do, I pray? *Pray.*

What periodical work is the cheapest, and at the same time is of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction, the Mirror? THE MIRROR.

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

In our last MIRROR we gave a description of Van Dieman's Land, and a view of its capital, Hobart's Town; and we now give an extract of a letter from a settler there, addressed to Mr. Owen, of New Lanark, of whose benevolent plan for ameliorating society it speaks very highly.

"*Hobart's Town, April*, 20, 1822.

"Two hundred years hence, when the population shall have become more dense, and subsistence more difficult,

I shall endeavour to obtain leave of absence from the dominions of Pluto, and the society of Proserpine, to revisit this rapidly-increasing colony: and found, *after my decease*, an establishment, which it has been the grand aim of some small part of my early life to promote. Nothing has given me greater pleasure since I have been in this colony, than to see *that part* of your system practically proved, which has been so much and so dogmatically disputed and denied in England. I mean, the possibility of improving the habits and morals of that which we consider the *worst*, and most depraved part of the community, by a steady system of mild and kind treatment. I saw the hardest hearts softened by kindness, which no harshness of punishment has been able to touch. You know that the greater part of the servants of settlers and others, in this country, is composed of convicts, sent out for crimes committed. This it may be imagined would be the greatest evil the settler has to encounter. I have invariably found that where the master was wise and kind, the servants have been good and faithful; and vice versa. The easiness of their condition—the removal of temptation—the certainty of subsistence; and, above all, the habit of honesty, causes a transformation as surprising as complete. The lot of the labourer in England is not to be compared with the condition of the labourer here. As a place of punishment, this is the *last place* in the world to send a criminal. Crimes in this country are by no means so frequent as in England, and our population is the refuse of the mother country. What does this prove?—that the first incentives to crime among the lower orders are want, and the fretful uncertainty of procuring the common necessaries of life. These being removed, they return to the state whence they were artificially removed, and to the order of beings susceptible of kindness, and grateful for benefits."

RULES FOR JOKING IN COMPANY.

Feel your ground before you take a single step, and adapt yourself to your company. You may find yourself among a set of wretches who never read Joe Miller, and yet have comprehension enough to understand him. This is fine!—Make the most of such a situation, for it is a happiness not often to recur. If any aspiring member venture to oppose you, crush him without mercy. If you do *not* know what he is going to say, tell him you can help him out in that story, should he be at a loss; if you *do*, cut him short, by snatching the sting of the tale from him, and turn it against himself. *You* will get the laugh, and the audience will be happy to reduce him to their own level, by measuring him with you.

Never mind what smart you occasion, provided you can say a smart thing. Your enemy you have a right to wound; and with whom can you take a liberty, if not with a friend? A pretty thing, truly, if a jest were to be stifled because it might give pain? It would give much more to suppress it; and if others do not like the taste, how can they expect you to swallow it?

French or Latin *bon mots* are safe, if you are sure of the pronunciation, for they who understand them will laugh naturally, and they who do not, for fear of being thought ignorant. With ladies this rule will not apply; do not, therefore, in their society, quote Horace, or confess yourself a freemason; for they mutually hate and suspect whatever they are excluded from.

When you launch a good thing, which is only heard by the person next you, wait patiently for a pause, and throw in again. Your neighbour, possibly, will not renew his laugh, but will excuse you, well knowing that you cannot afford to throw away a good thing.

If your party be stupid, and you want an excuse for getting away, give vent to some double-entendres to distress the women. This will answer your purpose, for the men must be fools indeed, if they do not kick you down stairs.

In the want of other subjects for your raillery and sneers, personal defects form a tempting source of pleasantry. When your wit has not a leg of its own to stand on, it may run some time upon your neighbour's wooden one. At least a dozen jokes may be endorsed upon a hump back; and you may make a famous handle of a long nose, by inquiring of its proprietor whether he can reach to blow it, whether he can hear himself sneeze, &c. &c. Take care, however, while making fun with his nose, that he does not make free with yours.

If your party be equal to yourself, in their knowledge of *the Books*, or talent for extempore repartee, laugh loud at your own sayings, and pretend not to hear theirs. Laughter is catching, though wit is not.

If they be decidedly superior in both these requisites, have a bad head-ache

and be silent. You could not speak to advantage, and it is better to be pitied for having a pain in the head, than for having nothing in it.

Mimicry and buffoonery are good substitutes for wit. But beware of quizzing your host too severely, or he will not ask you again. Be merry and wise. A laugh is a tempting thing, I own; so is turtle soup. Always remember that a good dinner is in itself a good thing, and the only one that will bear frequent repetition.

If you have once got a man down, belabour him without mercy. Remember the saying of the Welsh boxer—"Ah, Sir, if you knew the trouble I have had in getting him down, you would not ask me to let him get up again."

Invariably preserve your best joke for the last; and when you have uttered it, follow the example now set you, by —taking leave.

THE PHANSIGARS;

OR, ASSASSINS OF HINDOSTAN

(*Concluded from page* 197.)

A tradition is current among the Phansigars, that about the period of the commencement of the *Cali Yug*, *Marriatta* co-operated with them so far, as to relieve them of the trouble of interring the dead bodies, by devouring them herself.

White and Yellow being considered the favourite colours of their patroness, and those in which she is arrayed, the cloths for strangling are of one or other of these, to the exclusion of all other colours.

Ridiculous as their superstitions must appear, they are not devoid of effect. They serve the important purposes of cementing the union of the gang; of kindling courage and confidence; and, by an appeal to religious texts deemed infallible, of imparting to their atrocities the semblance of divine sanction.

Phansigars bring up all their male children to the profession, unless bodily defects prevents their following it. The method observed in initiating a boy, is very gradual. At the age of ten or twelve years he is first permitted to accompany a party of Phansigars. One of the gang, generally a near relation, becomes his *ustad* or tutor; whom the child is taught to regard with great respect, and whom he usually serves in a menial capacity, carrying a bundle, and dressing food for him. Frequently the father acts as the preceptor to his son. In the event of being questioned by travellers whom he may meet, the boy is enjoined to give no information further than that they are proceeding from some one place to another. He is instructed to consider his interest as opposed to that of society in general; and to deprive a human being of life, is represented as an act merely analogous and equivalent to that of killing a fowl or a sheep. At first while a murder is committing, the boy is sent to some distance from the scene, along with one of the watchers: then allowed to see only the dead body; afterwards more and more of the secret is imparted to him—and, at length, the whole is disclosed. In the mean time, a share of the booty is usually assigned to him. He is allowed afterwards to assist in matters of minor importance, while the murder is perpetrating: but, it is not until he has attained the age of 18, 20, or 22 years, according to the bodily strength he may have acquired, and the prudence and resolution he may have evinced, that he is deemed capable of applying the *dhouti*, nor is he allowed to do so, until he has been formally presented with one by his *ustad*. For this purpose a fortunate day being fixed upon, and the time of the Desserah is deemed particularly auspicious, the preceptor takes his pupil apart and presents him with a *dhouti*, which he tells him to use in the name of Jayi; he observes to him that on it he is to rely for the means of subsistence, and he exhorts him to be discreet and courageous. On the conclusion of this ceremony, his education is considered to be complete; he is deemed qualified to act as a Phansiger, and he applies the noose on the next occasion that offers. After his initiation a Phansigar continues to treat his preceptor with great respect. He occasionally makes him presents, and assists him in his old age; and on meeting him after a long absence, he touches his feet in token of reverence.

What constitutes the most odious feature in the character of these murderers, is, that prodigal as they are of human life, they can rarely claim the benefit of even palliating circumstances of strong pecuniary temptation. They are equally strangers to compassion and remorse—they are never restrained from the commission of crimes by commiseration for the unfortunate traveller —and they are exempted from the compunctious visitings of conscience, which usually follow, sooner or later, the steps of guilt. "Phansigari," they observe, with cold indifference blended

with a degree of surprise, when questioned on this subject, "is their *business*," which with reference to the tenets of fatalism, they conceive themselves to have been preordained to follow. By an application of the same doctrine, they have compared themselves, not inaptly, to tigers; maintaining that as these ferocious beasts are impelled by irresistible necessity, and fulfil the designs of nature in preying on other animals, so the appropriate victims of the Phansigars are men; and that the destiny of those whom they kill, was written on "their forehead."

The religious or superstitious practices of these banditti remind us of what Mrs. Grant relates of those who inhabit the mountains in the Papal dominions. It is computed that every Phansigar of fifty years of age has been actively engaged during twenty-five years of his life in murder, and on the most moderate calculation, that he has made one excursion a year, and met each time with ten victims. We have taken only the leading particulars of the paper respecting them in the Asiatic Researches. The entire account is very curious. We should hardly venture to repeat all that is detailed of their scheme of action and management. The marauders of the most *civilized* nations might receive lessons of policy from the Phansigars.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

COMBATS OF WILD BEASTS.

Jean Albert de Mandelslo, a native of Holstein, who travelled in the East about the year 1638-9, gives the following account of some combats between wild beasts exhibited before the Grand Mogul on his son's birthday.

"This monarch first made a savage bull fight a lion; and then ordered a battle between a lion and a tiger. As soon as the tiger perceived the lion, he went directly to him, and struggling with all his might, overthrew him.—Every one thought the tiger would have little trouble in killing his adversary; but the lion rose immediately, and seized the tiger so forcibly by the throat, that it was believed he was dead. He disengaged himself, however, and the combat was renewed with as much fury as ever, until fatigue separated them. They were both wounded, but not mortally.

"After this combat, Alla Merdy-Khan, governor of Cachemir, who was near the king's person, stepped forward, and said, that Shah Choram (the Mogul) wished to see if there was a person bold enough among his subjects to face one of these beasts with the scimitar and small round shield *(rondache)* alone; and that any one who had the courage to make the experiment might declare himself, so that the Great Mogul, having witnessed proofs of his courage, force, and address, might reward him, by not only honouring him with his favour, but likewise with the rank of Khan. Upon this three Hindoos offered themselves; and Alla Merdy-Khan repeated that the king's intention was that the battle should be fought with scimitar and shield alone, and that those who had coats of mail must take them off, so that the contest might be fair.

"A furious lion was immediately let out, which seeing his enemy enter, ran directly at him. The Hindoo defended himself valiantly, until being unable longer to sustain the weight of the animal, which chiefly fell upon the right arm, he began to lower the shield, which the lion tried to tear from him, whilst with the left paw he seized upon the right arm of his enemy, intending to leap upon his throat; when the man applying his left hand to a dagger, which he had concealed in his girdle, he buried it in the lion's gullet, who was obliged to let go his hold and retire. The man followed him, cut him down with a blow of his scimitar, killed him, and cut him in pieces.

"The people at first shouted a victory; but as soon as the clamours subsided, the Mogul, directing the Hindoo to approach, said to him, with a sarcastic smile, 'I must allow you are a brave fellow, and that you fought boldly. But did I not forbid you to take any unfair advantage, and did I not prescribe the weapons to be employed? Nevertheless you have used others, and have overcome my lion dishonourably: you surprised him with secret weapons; you killed him like an assassin, not like an open enemy.'—Hereupon he commanded two men to descend into the area, and rip up his belly, which was done, and the body was placed upon an elephant, to be led through the city by way of example.

"The second Hindoo, who appeared upon the theatre after this bloody tragedy, advanced with great spirit towards the tiger, which they let out against him, so that to look at his face,

one might be assured that the victory was certain; but the tiger, more active than he was, leaped in a moment upon his neck, killed him, and tore his carcass to pieces.

"The third Hindoo, far from being terrified at the wretched fate of his two companions, gaily entered the area, and went straight to the tiger, who, heated with the former combat, advanced to the man, intending to strike him down at the first blow: but the Hindoo, though small and of bad figure, cut his two fore paws with a single stroke, and having thus disabled him, killed him at his leisure.

"The king ordered the man to come near him, and inquired his name. He answered that his name was Geily. At the same moment, an officer approached him with a vest of brocade, which he presented to him on behalf of the Mogul, saying, 'Geily, take this vest from my hands as a mark of the King's favour.' Geily, making three low reverences, and lifting the vest in the air, loudly exclaimed, after a short prayer, 'God grant that the glory of the Great Mogul may equal that of Tamerlane from whom he sprang,' &c. Two eunuchs conducted him to the king's chamber, at the entrance of which two Khans led him between them to the King's feet, who addressed him as Geily Khan, and gave him the stipulated rank, and promised to be his friend." Wretched, indeed, must be the condition of a people subjected to the caprices of such a thoughtless, brutal tyrant, as this Shah Choram.

DEATH OF A TIGER.

An instance of bravery and presence of mind occurred not far from Bhangundee, some months ago, which is well worth notice. A party of wood-cutters, under the protection of five armed Burgundauzes, were proceeding to their work, about six coss from the station, when being in a very thick part of the jungle, they perceived a large tiger at a short distance, approaching them slowly in a crouching attitude. On the alarm being given, the whole gang immediately fled, excepting two brothers (slender up-countrymen), who were in advance of the others, and either saw the inutility of following their example, or judged it safer to oppose the savage; one of them accordingly, levelling his piece, fired at the moment when the tiger, raising his head, was in the act of springing. The ball took effect in the breast of the animal, and caused him to drop on his knees for a second, but instantly recovering, he rushed forward and threw himself upon the Burgundauz. At this critical period the tiger must have been in a dying state, for the man declared he retained his standing position, and instinctively grasping the fore-legs of the tiger, he was able, by exerting all his strength, to bend the head and shoulders towards the ground, and his brother, who was at hand, gave the *coup de grace* with his fixed bayonet. The brave fellow was brought afterwards in a dooly to the station, when the wounds he had received were found to be all on the left side, chiefly about the face, neck, and breast. None of these were very serious, and he recovered entirely in a fortnight.—*Asiatic Journal.*

The Novelist.

No. XII.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

The Scottish novels have acquired a distinguished popularity from their own intrinsic merits, and from the mystery in which the authorship is involved. Our readers cannot be ignorant that they are generally attributed to Sir Walter Scott: there are, however, strong reasons for believing, that though the whole series may have gone through his hands, that he is not the sole author. This question we shall not presume to decide, nor shall we enter into an examination how far the popular approbation of these novels is just, or compare their relative merits. Our present task shall be to give a connected account of the story of Peveril of the Peak, which occupies four volumes, and costs two guineas. In doing this, we avail ourselves in the early part of the story of the analysis of the novel which has already appeared in a respectable journal, the *Literary Chronicle.*

Sir Geoffrey Peveril of the Peak, the hero of the tale, is an old Cavalier Baronet in Derbyshire, living in the reign of Charles II., descended from an illegitimate son of William the Conqueror. He was proud of small advantages, angry at small disappointments, full of prejudices, vain of his birth, contentious and quarrelsome with all that differed with him, convivial and kind to the poor, except when they plundered his game; and one who detested alike a roundhead, a poacher and a Presbyterian. When the civil

war broke out, Peveril raised a regiment for the King, and was in several engagements, until, at length, when his regiment was cut to pieces by Poyntz, he threw himself into his mansion, Martindale Castle, and defended it as long as he could. Obliged at last to surrender, he was punished by fine and sequestration. At the final defeat at Worcester, he was again taken prisoner, and would doubtless have suffered, but for the interference of his neighbour, Major Bridgenorth of Moultrassie Hall. Though the parties had joined different sides in the war, yet their wives had formed an acquaintance sufficiently strong for their husbands to do a kindness to each other. The Major, also, paid a somewhat liberal sum for part of the lands which Sir Geoffrey was obliged to sell. Major Bridgenorth, though a Presbyterian, is no republican, whom the love of liberty and religion, in the austere form professed by his party, had led, like many others, far beyond his first intention in opposition to his hard-fated Sovereign. He is equally upright in his intentions with his neighbour Knight, and averse from the extremities to which the Independents proceeded under the sway of Cromwell. He deals justly according to his views with every one, and very kindly with Peveril when oppressed by the Long Parliament. A series of losses and privations in his own family, which is at last reduced to one daughter, Alice, not very likely to survive the mother, who had died after giving her birth, deepens the gloom on his serious and reflective mind. The amiable and judicious consort of the stout Baronet takes charge of the girl, a few years younger than her only son, Julian. This affords some compensation for the benefits conferred on the Cavalier in the Major's day of power. Mutual worth produces mutual benevolence, but there are too many opposing elements in the character of each to admit of social intercourse. It is enough that the Knight loves his neighbour, not as himself, but as well as the best possible Roundhead could be loved by a zealot in loyalty. The Major, again, regards the Knight as much as Christian charity could afford to an unenlightened sinner who had shared in shedding the blood of the Saints.

The restoration of Charles II. effects a somewhat closer intimacy between Peveril and Bridgenorth. At a banquet at Martindale Castle, in honour of the Restoration, the far-famed Countess of Derby, the fourth Queen of Man, appears through a pannel, to the terror of Julian and Alice, who are in the room. Bridgenorth is there, and learns from the Countess her having ordered the execution of William Christian, the brother-in-law of Bridgenorth, for giving Fairfax possession of the Isle of Man. This so enrages him, that he orders her under arrest. Lady Peveril, however, places the Major under the charge of his servants, until the Countess has time to escape. In the mean time, Sir Geoffrey Peveril arrives, and announces that there was a warrant from the council to arrest the Countess, whose husband he had served under. He, however, determines to conduct her away, and, in doing so, encounters Bridgenorth, and a poursuivant with the warrant, which he seizes and tears to pieces, defeats the party, and conveys the Countess safe to Vale Royal.

That imaginary feeling of worthlessness which fanaticism induces, makes Bridgenorth eschew the sweets of life. He leaves his home, and places his daughter Alice under the charge of a self-important governante in the Isle of Man, where the widow of his slaughtered relative resides. There, after a lapse of some years, she is discovered by Julian Peveril. They are of course destined for each other; but the "bloom of young desire" is checked in the fair Alice, by the dread of paternal displeasure from the rivalry between the families. Her struggles between duty and affection are pourtrayed in two scenes of exquisite relish. At first, unknown to each other, the lovers exult in the bright summer of their joys—in the fragrant and refreshing sweetness which youth and innocence taste in the dawn of tender attachment.

Julian Peveril is, however, destined to act a more conspicuous part than the ardent lover. His patroness has been implicated in the Popish plot, and to London he is despatched in order to ascertain its true character, and the aspect of the political horizon. The Countess has an attendant; a most important personage in the story, called Fenella, but whose real name is Zarah. This singular person, whose acts savour more of fairy potency than of merely mortal power, is of bright and felicitous creation, and may be ranked among the happiest efforts of the author of Waverley. She is of slender yet perfect symmetry—of an Eastern hue, and with that wild and fiery expression in her eyes, which denotes a

mind full of strong and vehement passions. She is not the less remarkable for being supposed to be deaf and dumb—a character which she assumes during her services in the household of the Countess. When Peveril embarked in a sloop that was ready for him, Fenella, who had a secret attachment for him, forced herself on board. In vain did he indicate, to this apparently helpless but interesting creature, the necessity of her returning; but she, by signs, made him to understand that her presence was a necessary protection from some danger with which he was threatened: Fenella was, however, sent back by the Dutch captain who commanded the sloop.

On arriving at Liverpool, Julian meets with Topham, the noted Parliamentary messenger, in whose proscribed list he is alarmed to find the name of his father. Topham is accompanied by two low fellows, Captain Dangerfield and Everett. Dangerfield swears he will purge the garner of Papists. "Stick to that, noble Captain," answered the officer, "but prithee reserve thy oaths for the court of justice; it is but sheer waste to throw them away as you do in your ordinary conversation."

"Fear you nothing, Master Topham," answered Dangerfield, "it is right to keep a man's gifts in use; and were I altogether to renounce oaths in my private discourse, how should I know how to use one when I needed it? But you hear me use none of your Papist abjurations. I swear not by the Mass, or before George, or by any thing that belongs to idolatry; but such downright oaths as may serve a poor Protestant gentleman, who would fain serve Heaven and the King."

"Bravely spoken, most noble Festus," said his yoke-fellow. "But do not suppose, that although I do not use to garnish my words with oaths out of season, that I will be wanting, when called upon, to declare the height and the depth, the width and the length, of this hellish plot against the King and the Protestant faith."

In Julian's road to Derbyshire, he meets, at a small inn, a stranger, whom he saw at Liverpool, and who first declares himself to be Ganlesse, a Roman Catholic priest; but finding his companion no Catholic, states that he is 'Simon Canter, a poor preacher of the word.' Peveril determines to get rid of him, and to start off the road, threatening that it is at his peril he follows him.

The real name of this man is Ned Christian, a brother in law of Bridgenorth. At another inn where they meet, he contrives that Julian shall be robbed of the packet of letters he is conveying from the Countess of Derby. Arriving at Martindale Castle, Julian finds his father just arrested, and fires his pistol at one of his captors, who proves to be Bridgenorth. His pistols had, however, been rendered harmless, when his pocket had been rifled of his letters.

Topham and his party arrive to execute their warrant, and take Sir Geoffrey into Custody, while Bridgenorth becomes answerable for Julian, and conducts him to Moultrassie Hall, where Alice welcomes them.

Major Bridgenorth cautioned his daughter and Julian to seem strangers to each other. Julian is conducted into an inner apartment: five or six persons, in puritanical costume, are sitting, to whom Julian's character was respectively announced by the Major. Here Julian recognised his travelling companion, Ganlesse. A long grace, a plain dinner, a thanksgiving as long as the grace, and an exposition of a chapter of the Bible, by the Major, as long as all the three, followed. Bridgenorth, in conducting Julian to his chamber, tells him that he is known to be 'a spied spy who carries tokens and messages betwixt the Popish Countess of Derby, and the Catholic party in London;' he, however, offers him the means of escape, of which Julian refuses to avail himself.

Lance Outram, an old retainer of the Peverils, musters thirty stout fellows, determined to attack Martindale Castle, but, being dissuaded from it, resolves on rescuing Julian from Moultrassie Hall, which they boldly assailed. Julian heard the attack, but was unable to get out of his room, until released by Alice, who called on him to save her father, who was in danger. Julian interposes, Bridgenorth is rescued, and the house, which had been set on fire, is saved by the joint effort of both parties.

In the way to London, Julian accompanied by Lance, overtakes Chiffinch, "the well-known minister of Charles's pleasures," who, under the name of Smith, had been with Ganlesse, when Julian was robbed of his packet. He learns that it is in Chiffinch's possession, rides after him, and takes it from him.

Julian arrives in London, where he meets Fenella, by whose means he is

conveyed into the presence of King Charles, while the merry monarch was, in one of his happiest phrases, amusing himself with a select group of courtiers in a morning promenade, in the Mall in St. James's Park. At the royal command, Peveril and his fair mute are despatched into the apartment of the mistress of one of his pimps, the infamous Chiffinch, where he has not long remained till he is alarmed and surprised by the appearance of Alice Bridgenorth, who is chased into the room by the lascivious Buckingham. She had been placed in this den of iniquity by her uncle, Edward Christian, who had wiled the guardianship of her from the unsuspecting father; and the use he made of his power was to advance a court intrigue, by offering her at the shrine of the licentious Charles. Julian interposes, and conveys her from the gripe of prostitution.

In his way to his mother's lodgings with his trembling burthen, he is insulted by two of the Duke of Buckingham's retainers. He quits Alice, and engages with one of them, whom he severely wounds. For this felony he is immured in Newgate, where he is made cell-companion with the celebrated dwarf, Sir Geoffrey Hudson, whose freaks in arms and pasties are recounted. Meanwhile, Alice is seized by the retainer, who had not engaged in the affray, and lodged in his Grace's harem. From this palace of corruption she is carried off by Christian, who dreads the discovery of his intrigues, and placed in the hands of her father, who happens to be then in London.

From Newgate Julian is removed to the Tower, where his father is confined. The father and son, with Geoffrey Hudson, are brought to trial for high treason. The infamous Titus Oates appears against them, with other witnesses, but the evidence is deficient, on account of the absence of Bridgenorth, who does not appear. In their way from the court, they are assailed by the mob; but availing themselves of the vicinity of a cutler's stall, they arm themselves, and with little Geoffrey, perform prodigies of valour.—They, however, are invited to a place of refuge, which turns out to be a house belonging to Bridgenorth, whom they encounter. He professes friendship, and through a variety of secret passages, conveys Julian to an assembly of puritans, where he discovers that they are assembled for the purpose of a treasonable conspiracy. Into this plot the thoughtless Buckingham has been drawn by the wary and treacherous Ned Christian. The *hic et ubique* Finella, however, thrusts Geoffrey Hudson into a violoncello, which, with other musical instruments, is sent to court by Buckingham with conspirators, among whom is the noted Colonel Blood, who attempted to steal the crown from the Tower, for musicians. Geoffrey steps out from his musical prison and reveals the plot; the duke is sent for, partly acknowledges his guilt, and is forgiven. Lady Derby appears at court to rescue the Peverils, who she understood had been imprisoned on her account. The Peverils are presented, and Julian marries Alice; Bridgenorth, her father, giving up the claim or mortgage he had on Martindale Castle; and Christian, who acknowledges Finella, or rather Zarah, as his own daughter, is banished.

JEFFERY HUDSON.

"Fortune, to make him the model of absurdity, has clothed a most lofty soul within a little miserable carcase."—*Peveril of the Peak.*

Jeffery Hudson being one of the important personages in the new novel of Peveril of the Peak, we think a brief notice of him may not be uninteresting.

Jeffery Hudson was born at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, in 1619; and about the age of seven or eight, being then but eighteen inches high, was retained in the service of the Duke of Buckingham, who resided at Burleigh on the Hill. Soon after the marriage of Charles I. the King and Queen being entertained at Burleigh, little Jeffery was served up to table in a cold pie, and presented by the Duchess to the Queen, who kept him as her dwarf. From seven years of age till thirty he never grew taller; but after thirty he shot up to three feet nine inches, and there fixed. Jeffery became a considerable part of the entertainment of the court. Sir William Davenant wrote a poem, called "Jeffreilos," on a battle between him and a turkey-cock; and in 1638 was published a very small book, called, "The New Year's Gift," presented at court from the Lady Perceval to the Lord Minimus (commonly called little Jeffery,) her Majesty's servant, &c. written by Micropholus, with a little print of Jeffery prefixed. Before this period Jeffery was employed on a negotiation of great importance: he was sent to France to fetch a midwife for the Queen; and on his return with this gentlewoman

and her Majesty's dancing-master, and many rich presents to the Queen, from her mother, Mary de Medicis, he was taken by the Dunkirkers. Jeffery, thus made of consequence, grew to think himself really so. He had borne with little temper the teazing of the courtiers and domestics, and had many squabbles with the King's gigantic porter. At last, being provoked by Mr. Crofts, a young gentleman of family, a challenge ensued; and Mr. Crofts coming to the rendezvous armed only with a squirt, the little creature was so enraged, that a real duel ensued; and the appointment being on a level, Jeffery with the first fire shot his antagonist dead. This happened in France, whither he had attended his mistress in the troubles.* He was again taken prisoner by a Turkish rover, and sold into Barbary. He probably did not remain long in slavery; for at the beginning of the civil war he was made a captain in the royal army; and in 1644 attended the Queen of France, where he remained till the restoration. At last, upon suspicion of his being privy to the Popish plot, he was taken up in 1682, and confined in the Gate-house, Westminster, where he ended his life, in the 63d year of his age.

* This scene is laid at Dunkirk, and the midwife rescues him from the fury of his antagonist.

Miscellanies.

THE ARABS.

From Sir Frederick Henniker's Travels.

The Arabs are a set of thieves, as cunning but as fearful as foxes; a race of gascons whose valour consists in words; they start suddenly, draw their dirks, but the game of brag soon over, they are as suddenly composed. I saw many instances of cowardice amongst them, and but few of bravery; their conversation rests upon gunpowder, fire arms, sheep, corn, water, feuds, murder and tobacco. The ignorance of the Arab is the greatest impediment to the traveller; his blindness is thickened by his avarice, and judging by himself and his oppressor, he imagines that every one else seeks only for gold; that the botanist culls no herbs but such as impart the golden dye; and that the mineralogist searches for none other than the philosopher's stone. The Bedouins are generally considered robbers, but I am not willing to think that they prove so as long as they can obtain an honest livelihood by their cattle. They are faithful where they pledge their faith, and charitable to those in want, but insatiable where they can obtain. They are reputed to be good soldiers, that is, their assistance is desirable—as cossacks: they harrass and plunder, they dwell where they cannot be surprised, and retreat where they cannot be followed. They pay no taxes, acknowledge no king, and are in full possession of the Utopian blessing, liberty—a liberty in common with the wild beasts of the desert. They have no protector, they have no home. They are compelled frequently to traverse a pathless waste; with difficulty they find a scanty pasturage for their cattle, and water for themselves; and they pass their lives in one unenviable desert. The Bedouin, if he pleased, could take the place of the Fellah, or the Fellah might adopt the life of the Bedouin; yet each prefers his own. The one would rather serve even a Greek, and have his home: the other would not "serve in heaven;" the former has more comfort, the latter less annoyance. Happiness is ideal, and pleasure is by comparison: every race of man, and every rank of life, have an equal share.

BONNY WEE THING.

A Song, by Burns, not in his Works.

Bonny wee thing, canny wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine
I would wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.
Wistfully I look and languish
In that bonny face of thine,
And my heart it stounds with anguish
Lest my wee thing be not mine.

Bonny wee thing, canny wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I would wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.
Wit and grace, and love and beauty,
In one constellation shine,
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess of this soul of mine.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

The practice of howling at funerals, common in some parts of Ireland, seems to have been both ancient and general. It was called by the Greeks ὀλοφυρτικὰ, and was in use amongst several nations of old. And it is well known to every classical reader, that the Romans had their *Prefiæ*, whose duty it was to superintend the mode of

lamentations at funerals. Dr. Clarke mentions the custom of howling to be very general with the Arabs; and in a "Narrative of the Congo Expedition," published a few years ago, the same practice is described as prevailing amongst the Africans of Embomma, on the banks of the Congo.

DEFINITION OF DRUNKENNESS.

From the Penn-Yan Herald.

A new and novel case in the annals of law occurred in this town on the 3d of December, 1821. The facts were substantially as follows:

Abner Pierce, several months since, was, by the Overseers of this town, placed upon the "*Drunken List*," according to the Act "concerning the estates of habitual drunkards." A few weeks ago the said Pierce proceeded according to law, by appealing—whereupon the Magistrate issued his *venire*, and a Jury were accordingly summoned to be and appear before the said Magistrate on the 3d inst.

On the day appointed the appellant appeared with his witnesses, to shew that he was not an habitual drunkard within the meaning of the Act. Three witnesses on his part were sworn, who stated, in substance, that they had been acquainted with him for a number of years, and that they had seen him frequently and almost daily for the past year, and that they could not say he was drunk, but stated that they had, during that time, seen him "merry," "well to live," and "pretty well cocked;" all of whom agreed in their testimony, that they had "never seen him *so far gone* but that he could stand up."

The overseers then produced their witnesses to prove that he was an habitual drunkard within the meaning of the said law, and for this purpose, five persons, neighbours of the said appellant, were sworn, who concurred in their testimony, that they had been acquainted with him for a number of years, and that recently they had frequently seen him drunk, and much intoxicated with liquor, insomuch that he was incapable of attending to his business.

The case was then, upon the above testimony, by the direction of the Court, submitted to the Jury, who retired for half an hour, and returned with, as the foreman termed it, a "*special verdict*" in favour of the appellant, "That it did not appear, from the testimony submitted to them, that the appellant had been intoxicated more than half of the time; and it was the opinion of the Jury that a man could not be considered an habitual drunkard, unless he was drunk *more* than half of the time." *O tempora, O mores!*

American Paper.

HELL BRIDGE.

There is a narrow pass between the mountains in the neighbourhood of Bendearg, in the Highlands of Scotland, which, at a little distance, has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous chasm; but on nearer approach is seer to be a wall of nature's own masonry, formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other as if in the giant sport of the architect. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of a considerable size, and the passenger who has a head steady enough to look down the precipice, may see the eyrie of birds of prey beneath his feet. The path across is so narrow, that it cannot admit of persons passing; and indeed none but natives would attempt the dangerous route, though it saves a circuit of three miles. Yet it sometimes happens that two travellers meet, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view across from either side; and when this is the case, one lies down while the other crawls over his body. One day a Highlander walking along the pass, when he had gained the highest part of the arch, observed another coming leisurely up, and being himself of the patrician order, called him to lie down; the person, however, disregarded the command, and the Highlanders met on the summit. They were Cairn, and Bendearg, of two families in enmity to each other. "I was first at the top," said Bendearg, "and called out first to lie down, that I may pass over in peace."

"When the Grant prostrates himself before M'Pherson," answered the other, "it must be with a sword driven through his body."—"Turn back, then," said Bendearg, "and repass as you came." "Go back yourself, if you like it (replied Grant); I will not be the first of my name to turn before the M'Pherson."

They then threw their bonnets over the precipice, and advanced with a slow and cautious pace, closer to each other: they were both unarmed. Stretching their limbs, like men preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their dark brows, and fixing fierce and watching eyes on each other, stood prepared for the onset. They both grappled at the same moment; but being of equal strength, were unable for some time to shift each other's

position—standing fixed on the rock, with suppressed breath, and muscles strained to the "top of their bent," like statues carved out of the solid stone.

At length M'Pherson, suddenly removing his right foot so as to give him greater purchase, stooped his body and bent his enemy down with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the precipice, looking downward into the terrible abyss. The contest was as yet doubtful, for Grant had placed his foot firmly on an elevation at the brink, and had equal command of his enemy—but at this moment M'Pherson sunk slowly and firmly on his knee; and while Grant suddenly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, whirled him over his head into the gulf.—M'Pherson himself fell backwards, his body partly hanging over the rock—a fragment gave way beneath him, and he sunk further, till catching with a desperate effort at the solid stone above, he regained his footing. There was a pause of deathlike stillness, and the bold heart of M'Pherson felt sick and faint. At length, as if compelled unwillingly by some mysterious feeling he looked down over the precipice.

Grant had caught with a death gripe by the rugged point of a rock—his enemy was yet almost within his reach! His face was turned upward, and there was in it horror and despair—but he uttered no word or cry. The next moment he loosed his hold—and his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe; the mangled body disappeared among the trees, and its last heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom. M'Pherson returned home an altered man. He purchased a commission in the army, and fell bravely in the wars of the Peninsula. The Gaelic name of the place where this tragedy was acted signifies Hell Bridge.

GEOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION OF BACHELORS' ISLAND.

Bachelors' Island is situated on the burning sands of the deserts of Folly, where even the savage inhabitants of the forest seldom venture to tread. It is bounded on the East by the regions of Affectation, Vanity, and Deceit. On the North, by the territories of Fear and Cowardice. On the South, by the burning zone of Remorse, Disease, and Death. And on the West, by the dead lake of Oblivion. Hence it is easily to be supposed, that the air of this Island is sultry, enervating, and pestiferous; exposed to the perpetual scenes of storm, hurricane, and tempest; and its climate, like the minds of its inhabitants, is never settled for an hour. The Spring of Bachelors' Island totally differs from that of any other I have hitherto read of; as that is here the season of the most pernicious heat, and in which the generality of its inhabitants are possessed with a kind of madness the most destructive to themselves, the most injurious to every civilized country, and the most subversive of unguarded innocence. Their Winter is truly despicable indeed; since, among all nations upon earth you cannot express your contempt of a man more pointedly, than by calling him *an old Bachelor*—a thing that lives only for itself—a thing that has no social harmony in its soul—a thing that, like a mushroom, delights in bogs and morasses, but hates the generous warmth of the noon-day sun. Though the natives of this *miserable* Island make those of the Island of Matrimony the constant object of their ridicule, yet, there have been numberless instances of their stealing from their own Island into that of Matrimony, where they have prevailed upon some good-natured easy creatures to become their nurses and restorers, after their constitutions have been nearly ruined in their former miserable abodes; for in the Isle of Matrimony, though clouds now and then gather over it, yet they serve only to render the remainder of the day more brilliant and cheerful.

In Bachelors' Island *Love* is a thing much talked of, but totally unknown to the people, who are hated and despised, robbed and plundered, by the objects of their miserable embraces. If cards are the usual diversion of the people on the Isle of Matrimony, they are considered only as an amusement; but on Bachelors' Island they are productive of the most shocking vices, such as the grossest scenes of drunkenness and debauchery, the total ruin of their private fortunes, and even murder itself is sometimes the consequence. How many have quitted this Island, and fled to that they so much despised, in order to repair their ruined fortunes, by seeking a rich and amiable partner. Bachelors' Isle is a mere desart, incapable of producing any thing but nettles, thorns, and briars. Here are no bleating lambs to please the eye of innocence. Here no doves cherish their young, nor does the useful fawn bound over their barren plains; but wolves, tigers, and crocodiles are here seen in abundance. Here are neither wife nor children to weep over the ashes of the deceased; but

owls hoot, ravens croak, and the reptiles of the earth crawl over their graves. In short, of all animals that Nature ever produced, *an Old Bachelor* must be the most contemptible; he lives a useless being on the earth; dies without having answered the end of his creation, in opposition to the mandate of his Great Maker, and is at last consigned over to oblivion.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—WOTTON.

SINGULAR EPITAPH.
(From the French.)

Careless and thoughtless all my life,
Stranger to every source of strife,
And deeming each grave sage a fool,
The law of nature was my rule,
By which I learnt to duly measure
My portion of desire and pleasure.
'Tis strange that here I lie you see,
For death must have indulged a whim;
At any time t'have thought of me,
Who never once did think of him.

EPIGRAM.

Last Sunday night I lost my steed,
Eclipse was not of better breed:
Last Monday night I lost my cousin,
Not one is left me of a dozen:
Last Tuesday night I lost my wife,
The joy, the honour of my life:
Last We'nsday night I lost my friend,
My sorrows ne'er will have an end:
Can any have misfortunes worse?
I'm really sorry for my HORSE.

CROSS READINGS.—We understand that the whole of the ballet dancers at the Italian Opera-House are engaged at—the Gas-light Company, Westminster. That valuable little work called THE MIRROR is considered to—carry more guns than ever was known for so small a vessel. On Monday last Mr. Kean was again received with raptures of applause, being his second appearance since his return from—a duel, in which he was shot through the pericranium. Mr. Grimaldi has undertaken for a wager to eat—Juan Bellinck and the whole of his sable family, positively for the last time. In a short time Madame Vestris intends—challenging the Champion of the ring for a hundred guineas a side. Mr. Macready is engaged for a limited number of nights at—Charley's pit, Duck Lane, Westminster. We are happy to state that Mrs. Bland appeared before the public on Saturday last, since her indisposition, which was occasioned by her falling into—Mount Vesuvius at the time of the eruption.

THE RULING PASSION.—The following is a singular but well authenticated instance of what Pope calls "the ruling passion strong in death."

Mr. De Lagny, of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, who was a great calculator, having become insensible in his last illness, M. Maupertuis approached his bed, and endeavoured to rouse him a little, by calling out, "Mr. Lagny, what is the square of twelve?" "An hundred and forty-four!" replied Mr. Lagny, and soon after expired. So true is it, that people generally retain, to the last moment, whatever predominant passion marked the tenour of their lives.

SINGULAR WILL.—The following curious extract is from the will of William Blackett, formerly Governor of Plymouth, which was proved in the year 1782:

"I desire that my body may be kept as long as it may not be offensive, and that one or more of my toes or fingers may be cut off to secure the certainty of my being dead. I also make the further request to my dear wife, that as she has been troubled with an old fool, she will not think of marrying a second."

It is a custom, says St. Pierre, in some places, where they drink Hungarian wines, to present the lees of the bottles as a mark of preference.

The practice of saying "God bless you" to a person that sneezes, is said to have had its origin at Rome in the time of Pope Gregory, commonly called the Great, when sneezing was symptomatic of a dangerous epidemic disorder then prevalent.

In reference to that part of the Prophet Daniel's interpretation of the handwriting at Belshazzar's Feast, in which he says, "Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting," it is somewhat curious, that a custom of actually weighing kings is related in Sir Thomas Roe's Voyage to India. May not, therefore, the scriptural expression have a more literal allusion than is generally imagined?

Beards are, in some countries, a sign of mourning; and in others, the want of them answers the same purpose.

Useful Domestic Hints.

Women's and Children's Clothes catching Fire.—When we reflect on the many dreadful misfortunes which have of late happened in consequence of the clothes of women and children accidentally catching fire, it is a matter of some surprise, as well as great concern, to find so very little attention paid to the prevention of such misfortunes in future.

The following hints are offered with a sincere wish that they may meet with that serious consideration which the subject requires, and be the means of engaging the attention of the public on this subject, and of adopting the following measures recommended, or some more effectual.

There are two principal objects which offer for our consideration; the first is, *to prevent the clothes from catching fire*; and the other, *to check the progress of the flames*.

One of the most evident methods to *prevent the clothes from catching fire*, is to have wire fenders placed before the fire-place, of a sufficient height to hinder the coals from flying into the room; such fenders are so placed in some parlours, but more it is believed for protecting the marble hearth and carpet, than for the safety of the females and children of the family. Wire screens are sometimes placed in rooms where birds are let loose, *parallel to the fire-place*; such as these, if more projecting ones should be objected to, might be used in common sitting-rooms. One or two strong metal bars would be some protection, if close wire-work should not be liked; these of course should come some way forward otherwise they would not be of much use. Certainly the safest are fenders of close wire-work, projecting into the room, sufficiently open to let the heat through, but not any coals which might fly from the fire. Nurseries in particular should have this sort.

The second object which offers for consideration is to *check the progress of the flames*; one of the most evident means of accomplishing this end, is to wear dresses of materials which will not readily burn; but, as it is not probable that muslins and linens will be laid aside on account of the danger they expose the persons wearing them to, perhaps some method may be adopted which may check the progress of the fire in those substances. Experiments for this purpose have been made (on a small scale) which very well answered the end, but on account of the preparations used (which were pot-ash and other alkaline substances,) having the property of imbibing moisture in a great degree, it renders this exact method, it is feared, impracticable. Would it not be one if the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, were to offer a premium *for the best methods of rendering linen and muslin dresses, in a considerable degree, unflammable, and not discolour, or injure in other respects, the substances, rendering them unfit for use?*

It has been recommended that persons whose clothes have caught fire, should immediately *roll themselves up in the carpet*, but this excellent method of extinguishing the flames is frequently quite impracticable, as it is customary to nail down carpets to the floor, a practice which should never be suffered in rooms where there is any danger of accidents of this kind happening; nor should heavy tables or other furniture be so placed on the carpet as to hinder it from being easily rolled up.

If a woollen cloth were constantly kept in nurseries and sitting-rooms, especially when there are fires, laid *loose* upon the table or other piece of furniture, this being always at hand, might be easily resorted to in case of accident, and being wrapped tight round the flames, or strongly pressed against them, would, by excluding the air, no doubt, in many instances, soon extinguish the fire. *A Green Baize Cloth*, which being very pliable, and likewise a neat cover to furniture, is recommended for this purpose; and if such were known in the family by the name of *Sitting Cloth*, it probably would as readily be used, when there was occasion for it, as fire-engines or buckets now are. Care must be taking to procure *Baize* of a close texture. Where the convenience of a *Baize Cloth* cannot be easily procured, as in cottages, &c. a cloth cloak, or a blanket, will answer much the same purpose.

May we not attribute many of the melancholy events which have happened of late, to the modern practice of fixing fire-grates more forward than formerly, and to the prevailing custom of wearing muslin dresses?

Published by J. LIMBIRD, 355, Strand, (East End of Exeter Change,) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.—Printed by T. DOLBY, 299, Strand.

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